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den of ruinous taxation, nor the acute sorrows of the bereaved, nor the impoverishment of labor has sufficed to check the mad passions of international strife. What more could have been done than has been done, by the friends of peace, in the direction they have taken ; and yet a tremendous war on as slight a pretence, and as cruel and destructive as ever was undertaken, has been desolating and degrading Europe.

There is still one power competent to subdue this dreadful, this atrocious practice ; that power is Christianity, which is yet to be vigorously applied to it. The friends of peace have indeed brought the light of the Gospel to bear on this subject, but they have been few, and their voice is unheard : the great body of those who profess to minister to that revelation, are not merely silent on its teachings of love and forgiveness, but so pervert it as to make it a source and instrument of war. Among the masses of all people,—even the most corrupt—there is great reverence for whatever is deemed an expression of the will of God ; and so long as the Standards of armies are consecrated by Bishops, and *Te Deums* sung in Churches for victories, and soldiers taught to cross themselves before battle in the name of their patron Saint, it will be in vain to bring any earthly consideration to allay the martial ardor of the nations. They are not Kings and Ministers of State and Generals ; but a nominally Christian Hierarchy which are to be converted by the friends of peace. Let it be seen that the solemn precept of the Son of God, which prohibits the taking of the sword on the penalty of being slain by the sword, is not to be longer overborne by the resurrection of a buried dispensation, setting out as a model, the martial deeds of an Abraham, a Joshua and a David. Purify the Church from the adulteration of the war spirit, and the world will follow with joy in the path of peace. The true Cross only has power to break the sword : let the love teachings of that cross be alone heard from our pulpits and our sanctuaries ; and the Demon of War will retire to that Hades, where now are entering, and will repose forever, the idolatries, the superstitions, the cruelties and other corruptions of paganism.

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#### FIGHTING CHRISTIANS !

I should be much surprised, if any thing of the kind *could* surprise me, to find even intelligent, devout Christians so insensible as they generally are to the utter incompatibility of war with Christianity. I meet this insensibility at almost every turn of my intercourse with them, and find some strange proofs of it in most of the religious journals I read.

Take an example copied into the *Sailor's Magazine*, for August, from a religious periodical published in Edinburgh—an account of the death of two English *Christian* officers while *fighting* in the Crimea. The first is that of Captain Craigie, whose early conversion is somewhat minutely described ; and whose subsequent example is held up as worthy of all commendation.—While returning from the trenches in the afternoon (March 13th) for rest, he was instantly killed by the explosion of a shell. “ Anticipating a single

night's repose," says the account, "he finds something infinitely more satisfying, being translated by a messenger of fire to the everlasting rest and peace of the glorious sanctuary above. \* \* Dear Craigie was universally liked. He had no enemies, nor could have had, if he had lived a hundred years. His funeral was well attended, and there was hardly a dry eye; all mourned his loss as a brother. \* \* Captain Craigie, *like every other consistent Christian*, was an instrument of good to others. Among those who followed him to his grave, were some who could *feel towards him as a spiritual father*, and from whose hearts the memory of his goodness can never be effaced."

The other case is that of Captain Vicars, whose religious experience was the same. He was the son of a widowed mother, who gave him a Bible to take with him at the age of seventeen. The time of his conversion is given still more in detail. Like Craigie, he became hopefully a Christian, a new creature in Christ, *during the time of peace*; and instances are reported of his zeal for the salvation of his associates in the profession of legalized homicide. He "spent his days and often his nights in the hospital," while in Greece last autumn, "reading the Word of Life, and praying with the sick and dying. As funeral after funeral took place, he was by the open graves beseeching the soldiers around to prepare to meet their God. 'Oh! pray,' says he in writing to a friend, 'pray for my poor regiment, that they may come to Jesus, and have life. Should I never write again,' he adds in conclusion, 'remember my only hope, my only confidence, my only assurance, is the cross of Jesus Christ, my Saviour.'" He went in November to the Crimea, "where his letters were as remarkable for their manly, *soldier-like spirit*, as for their *deep and humble piety*."

Let us see how he was employed at the time of his death. "The action of last night," says the account, "has been a glorious and decisive victory—Inkermann on a small scale—the enemy everywhere beaten back with vigor and heavy loss. *I saw at least three hundred Russian bodies lying on the field. We calculated that their loss must have exceeded 1200 men.*" The merit of Vicars lay in his being the chief agent in these 1200 murders! His eulogist is minute and graphic in telling us how he did it. "The enemy attacked the French lines close alongside where we lay, and drove them back. We at first thought them a body of the French; but Vicars found out they were Russians, and ordered his men to lie down, and wait till they came within twenty paces. They did so; and, when the enemy was close enough, *Vicars shouted, 'Now 97th, on your pins, and charge!'* They poured in a volley, charged, and drove the Russians quite out of the trench. *Vicars himself struck down two Russians, and was in the act of cutting down a third, with his sword*, when another man, who was quite close, fired, and the ball entered the uplifted arm at the shoulder, and he fell. The arteries were divided, and he bled to death in a few minutes. \* \* *Nothing could have been more noble, devoted and glorious than his conduct in this his first and last engagement.*"

Then follows immediately the climax of eulogy upon this fighting Chris-

ian : " He was universally beloved ; and none can doubt, who knew him, that he is now in the presence of that great and holy God whom on earth he deeply loved, and earnestly and successfully served. Poor fellow ! He chose the psalms and lessons"—a sort of volunteer lay-chaplain—"for the preceding day, (the day of humiliation,) and read the service when several of us met together to worship God. All present must have noticed the fervor of his manner ;—little did we think he was so soon to be numbered with the dead."

Here are specimens—among the best, too, I have ever seen—of what is called the *Christian soldier*. What a mixture of good with evil—of piety with blood-thirstiness ; of love to God with vengeance to man ; of anxiety to save one class of sinners from perdition, with a ferocious zeal to hurl others by hundreds and thousands to their last account in guilt and blood ! Surely, this wholesale homicide is strange work for a disciple of the Prince of Peace—for one who professes to love all men, not excepting his enemies, as he does himself ; to do unto others as he would have others do unto him ; to forgive even as he prays to be himself forgiven ; when smitten on one cheek, to turn the other meekly and lovingly to the smiter ; to recompense no man evil for evil, but overcome evil with good.

These cases, however, I have quoted for no purpose of stringent criticism, but mainly to draw from them some practical inferences bearing on the general question of peace. These warriors deemed themselves Christians ; and I do not wish here to call their piety in question. Their eulogists, including not only their personal friends in the army, but Christian writers in Edinburgh and New York, obviously regard them as rare and exemplary specimens of *piety in military life*, and would doubtless quote them to prove the compatibility of the soldier's business with the Christian's highest and holiest duties. Such is the common view, such the Christianity generally prevalent in Christendom. Had Craigie and Vicars lived to return from the Crimea, there are few churches that would have refused them their fellowship, and few ministers of Christ that would have disciplined or in any way censured them, on account of any deeds of blood they had perpetrated in the Crimea. These warriors seem not to have dreamed that they were doing aught incompatible with their profession of allegiance to Christ ; and the well-nigh universal sentiment of Christendom, of nearly every Christian communion on earth, would excuse, if it would not commend, their most strenuous efforts to slay as many of their enemies as they could.

Here, then, comes the pinch of my difficulty. The mass of Christians, more than forty-nine in fifty, expect Christianity, their own Christianity, just such Christianity as these fighting Christians in the Crimea professed, to do away war. They call the men who make war their business, and glory in its triumphant slaughters and devastations, followers of Christ, and then tell us that the only way to stop the practice of war is to spread Christianity, this sort of Christianity ! They are quite sincere in this strange logic, and think they make short and sure work of it. "The gospel," they assure us, "is God's remedy for war, as for every other evil. Nothing else can do it.

Spread the gospel, and war will cease ; make men Christians, and there will be no more fighting." This argument is urged in all sincerity by men who tell you, in the same breath, that the gospel justifies fighting, and that Christians, in perfect consistency with their profession as disciples of Christ, may make war their profession, the whole business of their life ! By the universal diffusion of *such* views, they expect to abolish all war, the very custom which these views sanction and support !

I wish some master mind would just analyze this delusion, and expose its absurdities in sun-light. The great mass of Christians cling in all honesty to it as an article of their faith, and hence keep themselves constantly in a fog on the whole subject of peace as a practical question. It is exceedingly difficult to unclinch or loosen its grasp upon them. It is vain you bring analogous cases to show their error. Take duelling for an illustration.—Suppose Christians should justify that practice as compatible with their religion, and should hold as worthy of their fellowship, and fair candidates for heaven, those who had killed a score of antagonists in single combat, the more the better, would *such* a Christianity, such an application of the gospel, ever put an end to the custom of duelling ? So of the slave-trade. Christians *were* engaged in that, and continued to be, so long as public opinion deemed it consistent with Christianity. John Newton retained his command of a slave-ship some years after his apparently real conversion, and seems to have had, even when he relinquished the business, no distinct or successful perception of its guilt before God. Would such a view or use of the gospel ever put an end to the slave-trade ? So of slavery itself. How many tell us, "let it alone ; the gospel will do it away." And the men who argue thus, contend at the same time, that the gospel justifies slavery ; and thus they contrive to entrench it in the sanctities of our holy religion. The very foundation which upholds it, and the bulwark that protects it against assault, are sure, if we may believe this logic, to overthrow, ere long, the whole institution ! We must persuade men to give up a practice by proving it to be right, just what the gospel approves, and God would have them do ! So, too, of intemperance. We *used* to be told,—thank God, *this* delusion has partly vanished,—that the gospel—meaning the gospel *as then understood and practiced on the subject*—could alone do away that mighty evil. Every body now believes, that such an application of the gospel as was made fifty years ago to our drinking usages, could never roll back the tide of intemperance ; and public sentiment would hoot the man who should argue on this subject as the mass of Christians, and even Christian ministers do, still on the kindred topic of Peace. "It is vain to think of abolishing intemperance by any special efforts. The gospel must do the work. Spread that through the land, circulate the Bible, call men to repentance, make them Christians real Christians ; and intemperance will come to an end. You must lay the axe to the root—convert men to God ; and then they will cease from making, using or selling alcoholic liquors,—*any more than they may find or deem necessary* ! The gospel allows and even requires it in moderation ; Chris-

tians will use it only in this way ; and thus, if you make men Christians, you will at length put an end to this great evil ! ”

In these examples, every one sees the fallacy of the argument. True, it is the gospel in each case that does the work, but only the gospel rightly understood and applied,—so applied as to bring the practice under the ban of its principles. So it must be in the case of war. The gospel alone can do away this custom ; but how can it ? Only by such an application to the case as shall bring the custom under the condemnation of its principles, and the ban of public opinion through the Christian world. But before this can be done, what a vast amount of effort must be made ! more by far than has ever been put forth in any reform yet achieved in Christendom.

MELANCTHON.

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SOME OF THE SCENES AT SEBASTOPOL. Descending from the Malakhoff, says the *Times* correspondent, we come upon a suburb of ruined houses open to the sea ; it is filled with dead. The Russians have crept away into holes and corners of every house, to die like poisoned rats ; artillery horses, with their entrails torn open by shot, are stretched all over the space at the back of the Malakhoff, marking the place where the Russians moved up their last column to retake it under the cover of a heavy field battery. Every house, the church, some public buildings, sentry boxes, all alike are broken and riddled by cannon and mortar. Turning to the left we proceed by a very tall snow-white wall of great length to the dockyard gateway. This wall is pierced and broken through and through with cannon. Inside are the docks, which, naval men say, are unequalled in the world. A steamer is blazing merrily in one of them. Gates and store sides are splintered and pierced by shot. There are the stately dockyard buildings on the right, which used to look so clean and white and spruce. Parts of them are knocked to atoms, and hang together in such shreds and patches that it is only wonderful that they cohere. The soft white stones of which they and the walls are made are readily knocked to pieces by a cannon shot. Fort Paul is untouched. There it stands, as if frowning defiance at its impending fate, right before us, and warning voices bid all people to retire, and even the most benevolent retreat from the hospital, which is one of these buildings, where they are tending the miserable wounded.

*A Hospital Scene.* Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world, the hospital of Sebastopol presents the most horrible, heart-rending and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fuseli could not conceive any thing at all like unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold its soul within, when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life stream, one might study here at every step, and at the same time wonder how little will kill ! The building used as an hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dockyard wall, and is situate in the centre of the row at right angles to the line of the Redan. The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bounding over the Redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barrack Battery, and it bears in sides, roofs, windows, and doors, frequent and destructive proofs of the severity of the cannonade. Entering one of these doors I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God, have ever witnessed ! In a long, low room, supported by square